Getting There

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Getting There

by TamotanTheOctopus

Summary

McCree has agreed to try again with Hanzo at this whole soul mate business.
It’s a bit trickier than either of them imagined.

Notes

Sequel to Twist of Fate, takes place before that cute little epilogue I tacked onto the first story. I no longer like it as I quite like this.

For those who haven't read the first part, Hanzo and McCree are soulmates but are still figuring out what that really means.

I hadn't expected to continue this but lo and behold here we are!

Jesse McCree liked to think he was a simple man. He didn't need fancy alcohol or cigars, his serape was held together with little more than a prayer at this point and his hat was older than he was.

Hell even after losing his left arm he'd taken the whole 'getting a prosthetic' situation pretty well. He needed two arms, it hadn't been much of a discussion. Reyes had been the one to convince him to do something cool with the arm.

He'd brushed aside the dreams of a soulmate. Not sure what kind of person to expect, not sure if he wanted to find out. After Overwatch fell McCree had closed that chapter, not intending to finish it. It made life easier, going to sleep knowing it was him and only him to worry about.

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A cold nose nudged the side of his head, a drawn out squeak accompanied by small claws smacking his cheek.

McCree pried one eye open, not terribly surprised to see Udon beside him. Udon jumped, chirping loudly.

"Mornin' Udon." Stretching his arms out, McCree groaned as his back cracked. A glance out the window showed him it was obviously early in the morning, the sun still not having risen. What time was it even?

Hanzo was set to be discharged, finally. McCree had dutifully visited him everyday, keeping him up to date on the state of affairs while also learning more and more about the archer.

A week after they'd had their little heart to heart, as McCree had called it. He had no idea what he was doing. Hell, he hadn't even "borrowed" Udon last night, having fallen asleep on his own for a change. He was concerned at what Udon's sudden presence at such a time meant.

"What brings you here Udon?" Raising his flesh hand, Udon took a couple licks at it before pushing McCree's face with his cold nose again.

Udon simply wagged his tongue, leaning in closer to McCree's face. He sat up quickly, laughing and trying to keep the dragon away from his face, "I'm up, I'm up! Let me get dressed, then take me to wherever the fire is ok?"

Udon sits patiently at the foot of the bed as McCree stifled a yawn into his hand as he pulled on a pair of sweat pants and a ratty t-shirt. Didn't need any late nighters catching him in his boxers.

As soon as the door opened, Udon took off, forcing McCree to jog after the agile dragon.

Udon stops in front of the medbay door, growling slightly. It slides open as McCree catches up, taking a deep breath before entering.

Hanzo had his knees tucked to his chin, arms wrapped around to keep his face covered from the light in the room. Soba sat before him, paws perched on his feet and trying to get Hanzo's attention.

Soba's head spun as McCree stepped closer, Udon joining Soba and suddenly two sets of golden eyes are pleading with McCree.

Do something. Please. Help him.

Clearing his throat, McCree gingerly sat at the end of the bed, the dragons sliding out of the way. Hanzo doesn't seem to register his presence fully, a hiccuped breath McCree's only indication the archer was awake still.

"Hanzo, honey? You ok?" McCree hesitated to touch him, unsure how conscious Hanzo really was.

Hanzo only groaned, barely lifting his head to reveal one blood shot eye. His cheeks were stained with dried tears.

"Are, are you truly here?"

Something inside of McCree twisted tight at Hanzo's tone, deciding maybe physical contact was called for, "sure am. Udon came an' grabbed me." Using his flesh hand, he gently touched Hanzo's leg.

Hanzo shuttered at the touch, lifting his head higher and blinking owlishly at McCree, as if finally registering he was looking at a real person.

"Come here." McCree repositioned himself on the bed, extending his arms.

Hanzo doesn't hesitate, situating himself sweetly in McCree's arms, clinging to him for dear life. McCree rests his head atop Hanzo's, feeling almost guilty he hasn't been here before.

All those nights I got Udon like a selfish ass. Didn' think he was goin' through the same thing.

Neither one speaks, McCree struggling to lay them both back down as he feels the tension seep out of Hanzo. Whatever drove him awake to such a state was slowly being pushed back by a warm and comforting sensation.

McCree is positive Hanzo is fast asleep by the time their heads hit the pillow.

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Angela yawned as she opened the door to the medbay, coffee cup in one hand and several clip boards tucked under her other arm.

She freezes in her spot as a rough set of snores startles her to nearly dropping her mug. Quickly (and quietly) dropping things off on her desk, she peers in on the beds. Last she recalled she only had one patient.

McCree and Hanzo are tangled together like some odd puzzle, legs intertwined and laying face to face. Hanzo tucked into McCree's neck, McCree nosing at the hairs on top of Hanzo's head.

On top is one of the dragons, Angela cannot tell them apart.

It hisses in her direction. The others head pops up from behind Hanzo, eyes narrowed.

She throws her hands up and returns to her desk.

*

Genji can I ask for your assistance in the med bay? Your brothers dragons are.. well let me just say in the way.

Genji frowned over his breakfast, hastily typing a reply before eating quickly.

He hadn't known Udon and Soba to be the mischievous type. At least not in that kind of mischief.

Quickly he makes his way to the medbay, hearing some muffled cursing as something crashed to the floor. He flung the door open, eyes going wide at seeing

Angela hiding behind her desk chair with Udon and Soba standing their ground.

"What on earth-"

"Soba! Udon! That is enough!" Hanzo held a hand to his stomach as he staggered into the room, having woken up from the crash.

Angela sighed in relief as the spirits vanished, "thank you Hanzo."

Grimacing, Hanzo sighed, "my apologies Dr. Ziegler."

Genji squinted his eyes at Hanzo, "what were they doing out brother?"

Avoiding his brothers suspicious glare, Hanzo ran a hand through his hair in an attempt to fix it. He prayed McCree was still asleep.

"What's goin' on out here?"

All eyes landed on McCree, stifling a yawn behind his hand as he leaned against Hanzo.

Genji couldn't stifle his laugh at Hanzo's cheeks going red, "late night brother?" He shot Hanzo a wink, even managing to get Angela to laugh.

"Udon was bein' a brat. Decided ta wake me up real early." McCree rubbed at his eyes, refusing to answer any further questions.

~

McCree doesn't know the best way to approach what he witnessed early that morning. They had eventually gone their separate ways after Angela deemed Hanzo well enough to continue his recovery in his own room.

He decided to go to train a bit, go have at it with a punching bag for a few hours.

It was nice, letting himself get lost in the rhythm of everything, focused solely on beating the ever lasting hell out of the bag before him.

Occasionally trying to think of a way to talk to Hanzo about what happened, what drove Udon to fetch him like the dragon did.

"What'd the punching bag ever do to you?" A loud snap of gum jolted McCree from his thoughts, spinning around to see Hana standing by the gym door.

McCree only raises an eyebrow, stepping away from the bag and letting it stop on its own, "somethin' I can help ya with Hana?"

Hana popped another bubble before grinning, "Genji was telling everybody you and Hanzo got caught in the medbay."

McCree groaned, "lord he was always a terrible gossip. I promise ya whatever he said was a lie."

"You mean you weren't buck naked with only your hat to save your shattered dignity?"

That managed a bark of a laugh from McCree, "god I hate him."

Hana smirked before her expression turned more serious, "so are you two like, making it work as soulmates?"

It takes McCree a minute to realize she's talking about Hanzo, simply shrugging his shoulders.

"We're makin' it work." He thinks they are anyhow.

Hana placed her hands on her hips, "you don't sound very convincing cowboy."

"There somethin' I can help with Hana?" Hana chuckled at McCree's irritation at the repeated question.

"Hanzo's a friend of mine. He was an asshole when he first got here but now he even streams with me from time to time. My audience loves him to pieces."

Something uncomfortable settled in McCree's stomach, resisting the urge to suddenly check his hand and make sure his thread was still there.

Walking closer to the cowboy, Hana tilted her head up and jabbed a finger in his face, "I like you cowboy but hurt my favorite stream cohost and it's on."

McCree managed a nod, imagining her coming after him in her mech. Which is exactly what she would do as he thinks about it. Probably stream it too.

Satisfied and smelling his fear, Hana backed up and smiled widely, "good talk cowboy! Have fun training!"

As she ran out of the room, McCree sighed dramatically, he hadn't been expecting shovel talk from anyone beside Genji.

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Hanzo was contemplating the merits of going to dinner while in his room. He hadn't seen McCree since they parted ways earlier that morning. He grit his teeth as he remembered last night.

Udon had fetched McCree to comfort him.

Soulmates instinctively had a connection and bond, it was almost unsettling how the cowboy had calmed him almost immediately.

His own nightmares hadn't been that bad in several months.

Part of him seethed in a sort of embarrassed rage, feeling like he has lost a lot of progress on his own state of being. He had assumed he was past his nightmares.

Another part was relieved McCree had followed Udon. Offering comfort without any sort of judgement. McCree suffered from his own nightmares still, Hanzo knew that.

A sudden knock at the door draws him from his musings, he begrudgingly stands to open it, assuming it's Genji to drag him to dinner.

As the door opens, he blinks in surprise at a dressed down McCree standing before him, "hey Hanzo. You uh, headin' to dinner?"

“I am not hungry so no.” It’s a half-lie. He is very hungry but all his contemplating has his stomach in knots.

McCree brightens a bit at his answer, “mind if I come in? Was hopin’ to talk to ya a bit.”

Hesitating only for a moment, Hanzo stepped aside and gestures for McCree to enter. The cowboy entered slowly, nervousness giving him twitchy hands.
McCree had showered before coming here, still trying to think of something to say. Damn he should have taken some more time to formulate and organize his thoughts.

“Heard Genji was being a little shit and havin’ fun trying to ruin our reputations.”

Hanzo chuckled softly, “I made sure Genji’s was just as ruined. He often forgets we grew up together.”

McCree laughed loudly, "serves him right. I can only imagine he was a terror when he was younger."

Guilt flashed briefly on Hanzo's face, "he was. I spared the team the worst stories. I'm sure if you were there the others would have insisted on Blackwatch stories."

"Ah. Well I was down doin' some trainin'."

"I see."

An uncomfortable silence settled in the room, neither man sure how to proceed.

"Listen McCree, about this morning. Thank you for coming."

Hanzo watched McCree's reaction, relieved when the cowboy smiled, "don't mention it. Actually, scratch that."

McCree ran a hand through his hair, sitting down on the bed and gesturing for Hanzo to join him, "gave me a bit of a scare this mornin'." The archer slowly sat down, wearily eyeing the cowboy.

"Ah," Hanzo sighed, "my nightmares have not been that bad in quite some time."

“That the first time Udon’s fetched someone?”

Nodding, Hanzo closed his eyes, feeling the dragons wishing to make their presence known, “it is. Udon is quite taken with you.”

Before McCree responded, he watched in awe as Hanzo’s tattoo lit up and two small dragons appeared from thin air.

They chirped excitedly at the sight of the cowboy, both landing in his lap and demanding attention.

”Well hey there! Look at you two, always keepin’ an eye on your master yeah?”

The dragons nodded, giving Hanzo a strange look. Soba chirped Hanzo’s way, almost sounding annoyed.

“They intend to keep an eye on you as well.”

McCree grinned widely, “I like the sound of that.”

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McCree is awoken two nights later, this time by a knock at his door. He fumbles with it for a moment, it sliding open to reveal a weary and exhausted looking Hanzo.

Without a word, McCree stepped aside and Hanzo staggered in. The archer collapsed onto the bed on his side, exhaling slowly as McCree gently laid down beside him.

"Sorry. I just-" Hanzo's hands shook a bit as he latched onto McCree.

McCree shushed Hanzo with a gentle kiss to his forehead, allowing Hanzo to get comfortable, "don't mention it Hanzo. I gotcha."

He watched as Hanzo's features smoothed out and as McCree drifted off back to sleep himself he was nearly overwhelmed with the thought of having Hanzo with him every night.

I'll ask in the mornin'. Make us a nice breakfast and see if he thinks it's a good idea.

With a grin, McCree breathed deeply and thought he was finally understanding what it meant to be soulmates.

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